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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Allgemeines Handwörterbuch der philosophischen Wissenschaften, u. s. w. General Dictionary of philosophical Science, along with its Literature and History.—By W. T. Krug, professor of Philosophy, at the University of Leipzig.—4 vols. 8vo. 1827-29.

IN this age of Encyclopædias and Compendiums, a German writer of eminence has here published a complete Dictionary of Philosophy; and indeed such a work had become quite necessary from the number of philosophical writers that have sprung up in Germany, and the impossibility of the general reader making himself acquainted with them all from their own writings. This work contains about 5000 articles, among which are nearly 1300 biographical, in which the respective heroes are despatched with the most singular and amusing sang-froid. The author gives the opinions of Spinoza, as quietly as he does those of Thomas Aquinas; yet in his original articles, he cleaves closely to the modern German opinions. Any thing connected with religion, without being treated with absolute disbelief, is frittered away to a mock rationalism, which seems to us to form the most chilling and dangerous of all modes of faith.

In the article *Original Sin*, for instance, he combats the orthodox opinion, until he comes to the argument, that the sin committed by our first parents, was entailed on their posterity, in like manner, as certain physical diseases would be. Then he grants, that this might possibly be so; but the whole relation, he maintains, has a mythological stamp, which is also his opinion about other important points, which we were in the habit of interpreting literally. The idea of the Trinity he ascribes to the veneration paid by all nations to the number three, and explains it also mythologically, viewing the Divine Being as three modes of action—generating principle—preserving principle—and conducting or sanctifying principle. He rejects the word person: this appears to us, an old and well-known form of heathenism. He ends the article, however, by justly reprobating the senseless fashion of forming images of such sacred subjects, as gross Anthropomorphism. The greater part of the articles conclude with abundant references to original sources of information, on the subject treated of, among which we saw with pleasure, a considerable number of English authors.—We observed, however, a ludicrous mistake, in his article *Paley*, where he mentions him as the author of a *Natural Theology*, and gravely warns his readers not to confound him with another *Paley*, who wrote the principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, as being a much earlier writer.

This work is useful to those who read German, as an easy means of finding information, in a very plain and simple style, on subjects which now frequently occur in German literature, and which they would not be inclined to fathom to their transcendental depths. Besides its general interest is considerable, containing as it does, a very good account of ancient philosophy; but it is rather meagre with respect to the modern English and French.

NOTES FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF A RAMBLER.

Know ye the land of dull dykes and dank ditches? Whose waters are waveless and stagnantly green; Where Mynheer, in Batavian expulsion of breeches, And Cigar-invoked stupor, sits still and serene.

In the early part of last year, I was waiting in Rotterdam the arrival of a friend from England; and as some untoward circumstances had occurred to detain him beyond the appointed time of his arrival, I had abundant opportunity to become domesticated in the family of mine host of the Boar's Head.—Do not suppose, from the fact of my being thus *enforced*, that I shall gratify either your gossiping disposition, or your love of personalities, by any little detail of family failings, from which the houses of the great are not always free: no—though the literary world does not want for instances of this practice, I shall abstain—and merely confine myself to such delineation of the outward man, as may serve to make you acquainted.—Mine host was the most famous gastronome of the low countries; and, at the two tables d'hôte at which he daily presided, never was known to neglect the order and procession of the various courses of soup, fish, game and sauer craut—of all and each of which he largely partook.

Would that George Cruikshank could have seen him, with that breastplate of a napkin, which *more majorem* was suspended from his neck—whilst his hand grasped a knife, whose proportions would cast into insignificance the inoffensive weapon of our horse-guards—his head, too, was a perfect study. Grieve! what depressions, where there should have been bumps—and then his eye, alternately opening and closing, seemed as it were to relieve guard upon the drowsiness of his features.

He spoke but seldom; and despite my various efforts to draw him into culinary discussion, (having had some intention of publishing these "*Conversations*") he was ever on his guard, and only once when.....but I grow personal, and shall return to myself.—So effectually did the society of this sage—the air of the place—and, above all, the statue of Erasmus, which looked so peacefully on me from the market-place, opposite to the inn, conspire to tranquillize and calm my mind—that in the course of a few weeks I had become as thoroughly a Dutchman, as if I had never meditated an excursion beyond the Hague in a track-shuit.

Dinner over, I was to be seen lolling under the trees on the Boomjes*—with my tobacco bag at my button-hole, and my meershaum in my hand, calmly contemplating the boats as they passed and repassed along the canal. In this country, such a scene would have been all bustle, confusion and excitement; there it was quite the reverse—scarcely a ripple upon the surface of the water indicated the track of the vessel, as she slowly held on her course. How often have I watched them nearing a bridge, which, as the boat approached, slowly rose, and permitted her to pass—whilst from the window of the low toll-house a long pole is projected, with a leathern purse at the extremity, into which the ancient mariner at the helm bestows his tribute-money, and holds on his way, still smoking. But now comes the "tug of war;" it is indeed the only moment of bustle I have

* The Regent-street of Rotterdam. The word Boomjes, which is a diminutive of Boom a tree, has been rendered by M. Reichard, in his "*Tour through Belgium*," the Boom-quay!!!

ever witnessed in Holland. How is the bridge to get down?—Dutch mechanics have provided for its elevation, but not for its descent; and it is in this emergency that the national character shines forth—and the same spirit of mutual assistance and co-operation, which enabled them to steal a kingdom from the ocean, becomes now triumphant. Man by man they are seen "toiling up the steep ascent," and creaking under many a fat burgomaster—the bridge slowly descends, and rests again upon its foundation: doubtless, like the ancients, they chose to perpetuate customs which teach that laudable dependance of man upon his fellows—the strongest link which binds us in society, rather than mar this mutual good feeling by mechanical invention.

Day after day passed in this manner—and probably, you will say, how stupid, how tiresome, all this must have been—so would it, doubtless, to one less gifted with the organ of assimilation, or who had not, like me, endured the tedium of a soirée at Lady * * * *.

At length my friend arrived, and, after a few days spent in excursions to the Hague, and the Palace in the wood, (of which I shall give you a sketch, when speaking of Flemish Painting in 1832,) we set off, in order to reach Cologne in time for the Musical Festival.

We left Rotterdam at night in the steam-boat, and the following morning found us slowly stemmning the current of the rapid Rhine, whose broad surface and unwooded banks, gave an air of bleakness and desolation, which more than once drove me from the deck to the warm stove of the cabin, crowded as it was with smoking and singing Hollanders, on the way to the Festival. Once I ascended the rigging, to get a more extended view of the surrounding country; I might as well have remained below. A vast flat tract of land, intersected by canals, and studded with an occasional solitary windmill, was all the eye could compass, and then it was that I felt fully the force of Goldsmith's *not*, that "Holland looks like a country swimming for its life." Nothing breaks the dull monotony of a voyage on the lower Rhine, except the sight of some vast raft of timber, peopled by its myriads of inhabitants dropping down the current. We passed several towns; but then variety of Dutch city—Dutch lady, and Dutch ship, is only a slight deviation from an established scale of proportions. Of my fellow-travellers, I can tell you nothing. I had no means of cultivating their acquaintance; they spoke French (and doubtless they had a right to do so) after a manner of their own, but were as unintelligible to me, as Kant's Metaphysics, or Mr. Montague's directions for dancing the new galopades.

As an illustration of the peculiarity of pronunciation, they tell of a Fleming commencing, I believe it is one of Beaumarchais plays, with the line,

— Helas! je ne sais pas, quel cours je dois prendre, upon which a witty Frenchman replied,

— Monsieur prenez la poste et retournez en Flandre.

Never was Parisian at Potsdam more thoroughly ennuyé than I was, during this voyage of two days. It was near night when I was roused from my slumber by the boat's arrival in Cologne. I had been dreaming of all sorts of things and people—visions of mulled wine and Mozart—beefsteaks and Beethoven, flitted through my mind in all the mazes of mad confusion—and, with the valorous resolution of realising at least one part of my musings, in

the shape of a hot supper, and a flask of Nierensteiner, I went upon deck, when my friend came to meet me, with the disastrous intelligence, that there was not an unoccupied room or bed in the town. The good supper, the Nierensteiner, and the soft bed—in which I had revelled by anticipation, faded like the “baseless fabric of a vision.”

However, we set out on a voyage of discovery, accompanied by a little army of luggage-porters, and lacquies—one word of whose language we did not understand—but who did not, on that account, cease to hurl at our devoted heads, every barbarous guttural of their macadamizing tongue.

In this manner we made the tour of the entire town; and I was concluding a most affecting appeal to the sympathies of the vinegar-faced landlady of the Hotel D'Hollande, which I already perceived would prove unsuccessful, when a German merchant, with whom we had travelled from Rotterdam, made his appearance, and by his kind interference we were admitted. Having realized our intentions, with respect to the supper; fatigued, worn out, and exhausted, by our indefatigable exertions, we wrapped our travelling cloaks around us, and slept soundly till morning.

As we had arrived here one day before the Festival, we had full time to see the town. It is a mass of dark, narrow, ill-paved streets, with high, gloomy-looking houses—each story projecting beyond the one beneath, and thus scarcely admitting the sight of the blue heaven above.

The Cathedral, however, is one of the most beautiful specimens of the florid Gothic remaining in Europe—and would, had it been completed, have greatly eclipsed the more celebrated one of Strasbourg: the great entrance presents the richest instance of the laboured tracery of this school of architecture I ever witnessed; the structure was originally designed to be built in the shape of a cross—but two limbs were all that were ever finished; the interior is divided into a number of small chapels—each of which boasts its patron saint, whose bones are exhibited in a glass case, to the admiration of the devotees.

Among the many relics preserved there, I well recollect with what pride the venerable sexton pointed out to me the skull of Die Heilige drei Könige, (by these is meant the Maji, whom they call the Three Holy Kings,) one of whom being an African, his skull has been most appropriately painted black! In the middle of the great aisle stands a large misshapen block of marble, about two feet in height, and from three to four feet in length; this could never have formed any portion of the building, and stands, like our Irish round towers, a stumbling block to the antiquarian.

The legend (I wish we could account for the round towers so reasonably) says, that the devil had long endeavoured, by assuming various disguises, to terrify the workmen from the building, and had practised all the devices approved of on such occasions, to prevent its completion; but having failed in all, in a fit of spleen, he hurled this rock through the roof of the Cathedral, and neither man, nor art of man, can avail to remove it from its deep-rooted foundation:—be this as it may, there stands the rock, and Oenenschläger, the Danish Poet, has alluded to it in his spirited tale of Peter Bolt—translated into Blackwood's Magazine, without acknowledgment.

We rose early on the following morning, and profiting by the advice of that wisest of travellers, captain Dalgetty, victualled for an indefinite period. And here let me do justice to the character of that worthy woman, whom I, in my profligacy, called vinegar-faced—as an artist she was altogether unexceptionable.

Eaten bread (saith the proverb) is soon forgotten. And if the passage is to be taken literally, so should it, say I. But at the same time I defy any man, who has a heart to feel, and a palate to taste, ever to lose the recollection of a well-dressed mainenon cutlet, or a chicken salad. No: it will recur to him, post totidem annos, and bring once more ‘the soft tremulous dew’ upon his lip.

At last we set out for the Festival, and although anticipating a crowd, yet we never expected to have found, as we did, every avenue blocked up by people. But notwithstanding the immense number, and natural anxiety of all to press on and secure good places, nothing could exceed the good order and decorum observable throughout: it was a perfect contradiction to dean Swift's adage,—that a crowd is a mob, even were it composed of bishops.

Into this dense mass we got gradually wedged, little regretting the delay which afforded so good an opportunity of looking about, where there was so much to interest and amuse us.

The Cologne belles, with their tight laced boddies of velvet, their black eyes, and still blacker hair, rarely covered by any thing but a silk handkerchief lightly thrown over it, formed a strong contrast to the fair complexioned, blue-eyed, daughters of Holland, whose demure, and almost *minaudière* demeanour, was curiously contrasted with the air of coquetry, which the others have borrowed from their French neighbours. While the fat, happy looking burgher, from Antwerp, stood in formidable relief, to the tall, gaunt Prussian, who was vainly endeavouring to mould his cast-iron features into an expression of softness, to salute some fair acquaintance.

My attention to the various coteries around, was drawn off by a slight motion in the crowd, indicating that those nearest to the door had gained admittance, and the swell of the music, as borne upon the wind, it mingled with the din of the multitude, forcibly reminded me of the far off roar of Niagara, when first I heard it booming in the distance.

‘A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,’ and deeply engrossed by the various associations thus unexpectedly conjured up, I found myself, without being aware of it, at the entrance of the cathedral.

Never shall I forget the effect of that moment. The vast building lay before me, crowded with human beings to the roof.—While the loud bray of the organ, mingling its artillery of sound, with the deafening peal of several hundred instruments, was tremendous.

When I was sufficiently recovered from my first sensation of extacy, I looked towards the choir, hoping to see Ries or Spohr, both of whom were present; but I could not recognise them in the distance.

I had a very fine description of the festival, and the music, which consisted of selections from Handel and Beethoven, ready written, but I really feel that any attempt to convey the idea of this splendid spectacle, or my feelings on witnessing it, is altogether vain. In fact, the sensation of excitement with which I

looked and listened, was too great to permit of any permanent impression, capable of description, remaining upon my mind. And I felt on coming out as if years had rolled over my head since the morning; for we measure time past, not so much by the pleasurable or painful feelings which we have experienced during its lapse, as by the mere number and variety of sensations of whatever nature, that have imprinted themselves on the sensorium.

And now, my dear reader, adieu, or rather au revoir—when next we meet, it shall be in finer scenery, and better weather—the Rhine and Drachenfels await you, if not already wearied of the log-book of a ramblor.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

‘The death of Sir Thomas Lawrence has naturally filled our minds with deep regret; feeling, as we do, that in him the arts have lost their brightest ornament, their best benefactor. In whatever light we view his character, whether as a great and accomplished painter—a liberal and enlightened patron—a generous and manly rival of contemporary genius, or a courteous and perfect gentleman, he claims our admiration and respect, for in him were centered all the high qualities which constitute intellectual dignity. In his hands the art was elevated: England may therefore, be justly proud of her departed son, for he has done his part in raising her character amongst the nations of Europe.

Upon these great public grounds, do we, in common with the enlightened portion of the British public, lament his death. But as Irishmen, as persons zealous for the welfare of our native country, we in an especial manner, mourn his loss; for we are not unmindful of the assistance which he gave to the rising arts of Ireland, nor would we be deemed ungrateful for such powerful and disinterested support.

By his recommendation and advocacy, our national school of art, the Royal Hibernian Academy, was instituted. He, with a zeal worthy of his great and comprehensive mind, urged and sustained in the highest quarter, the claims of the Irish artists, and hailed their incorporation with the enlarged feelings of philanthropy, of patriotism, and of taste.

We trust it is not necessary to inform our Irish readers, that immediately after the incorporation of the academy in question, their late venerated president, Francis Johnston, Esq., erected, wholly at his own expense, that noble building in Lower Abbey-street, now the residence of that body. No sooner was that munificent act communicated to Sir Thomas Lawrence, than he at once made an offer of his services, to paint a whole-length portrait as Mr. Johnston, to be placed in the academy, of his tribute of veneration and respect for that man, who, to use Sir Thomas's own words, “was our common benefactor and friend.”

This offer was communicated through one of the members of the Royal Hibernian academy, Mr. Thomas J. Mulvany, who was then in London, and who indeed had always been the medium of communication between Sir Thomas and the academy. Through this gentleman, he also presented the fine cast of the Barberini Fawn, which is now placed in the academy.

The delicate state of Mr. Johnston's health was such, that he was unable to visit London, from the period at which Sir Thomas had made his generous offer, and that circumstance has